The Bystander, June 8, 1921, No. 914. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

"DRINK!—PRETTY CREATURES—DRINK!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
GEORGE ROBEY, MARGARET COOPER, WILL EVANS & CO., THE DANISH DANCERS, BEATRICE LILLEY, BERT HUGHES & CO., THE FLEMINGS, Etc.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724). NORMAN McKINNEL
in "A FAMILY MAN"
(A Comedy by John Galsworthy)
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. TUES. & FRI. at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848). Director, J. B. FAGAN.
Every Evening at 7.50.
OTHELLO
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8.
Matinées, Tuesday and Thursday, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and THURS. at 2.30

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Special Features in this Week's Issue:—

WHAT THE ROTARIANS WILL SEE IN EDINBURGH.

Sketches by LOUIS WEIRTER.

THE LAST WORD IN PETROL SERVICE DEPOTS.

Drawn by S. W. CLATWORTHY.

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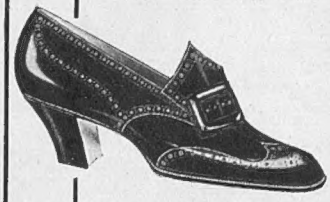

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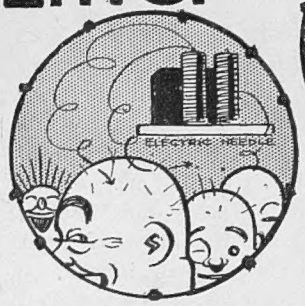
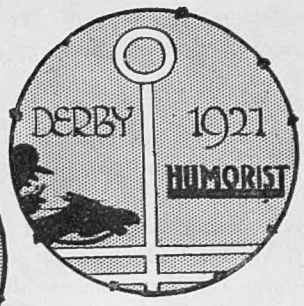
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

Orpen's *Chef* has come to Town

With some new sauce for dinner



They can now sew hairs on bald men's heads—



By Victor Hicks

Did *you* back the Derby winner?

We Must Have Our Sport!

It has often been suggested that we are a strange people and hard to be understood by others. Those others would probably find some difficulty in understanding us a week ago to-day. I need not remind you that it was Derby Day. On account of a strike that is slowly bleeding the country white we could not go to see the great race by train. At such a time, say these others, you will, therefore, stay at home and save your money, your petrol and your time, you will devote all your energies to settle this trouble that threatens the welfare of your country. But that is not our way. No trains! The great British Public not able to go and see their fancy for the Derby finish behind three or four more other horses! Absurd! We will see about it.

How It Was Done

And we saw about it. All the resources of science that could be helpful were made use of, airships and wireless telegraphy, for example. Every difficulty was foreseen and provided against. A miracle of organisation was performed—are miracles performed?—the commonsense and orderly spirit of the nation rose to the occasion and did everything possible to help in overcoming the difficulty of getting to Epsom—and we got there, comfortably and in good time and order. The King himself made the Derby, for the first time, a State affair. The plain man in the street on this peculiarly difficult occasion not only enjoyed his great annual sporting event in comfort, but had it decorated with something of the parade of Ascot.

"HUMORISTS" By "The Tout"

Mr. "Jack" Joel and "Charlie" Morton need no introduction as owner and trainer of the Derby winner. It is of interest to note that this caricature was published in "The Bystander" of October 27, 1920, with the following comment: "If all goes well with the colt (Humorist), the familiar black and red cap should be seen in the fighting line in next year's Classics." He has fulfilled the prediction

The Right Spirit

These others may possibly say: "But why apply all this really wonderful power of organisation, all this commonsense and good feeling, all this 'never beat' spirit, merely to ensure the comfortable holding of a day's holiday? Why not apply them all to settling the trouble that threatened that day's holiday?" At first view the question seems natural enough. But a moment's reflection gives us the right answer. All this magnificent staff-work to enable us to see Humorist win the Derby of 1921 was, as a matter of serious fact, part of the nation's effort to settle its many domestic ills. It was a way of saying: "Do what you will, but we will carry on." It was the twentieth century's version of the historic game of bowls, finished when the Spanish Armada was reported in sight. It was, I firmly believe, a thing of good omen.

A Bad Policy

Were we quite fair to Douglas and the England Eleven before and during the first Test Match? I think not, and in the lull between the first and second of these matches is the time to say why. To begin with—before the match the many expert writers discussed the various points as to the captaincy of the Eleven, as to whom it should consist of, and as to the wisdom of the choice when made by the Selection Committee. During the match these same experts made a cinematographic report of every ball bowled and fielded, and every stroke played with the bat by our men. Nor did they omit to criticise them. And all this was before

and *during* the game. It must have had a detrimental effect on our team.

Microscopic Criticism

In a way this is a tribute to these critics. Most of them are great names in the modern history of the game. What they say must command the very serious consideration and respect of the players. J. W. H. T. Douglas is probably as well equipped in the matter of nerves as the best of us. But it cannot help him to be told on Sunday and Monday, after the first day's play, by a number of great cricketers that they have never seen him make such a bad stroke as that which cost him his wicket. For two days he and his ten colleagues had to play under a microscope, as it were. The responsibility and anxieties of the captain in such a match are great enough to try him without the addition of such minute criticism as this.

Breaks the Morale

Its damaging effects are due to the fact that it comes from such good men, who, of course, do it in all good faith and feeling. The old calm and anonymous reports and criticism did no harm. Let the great expert have his say when the game is over. A great sportsman and a prominent member of the N. S. C. said to me recently that he thought Bombardier Wells had suffered from this well-meant but injudicious "writing up" at the wrong time, just as in his opinion the England Eleven is suffering now

By C. E. B. Bernard

HOW IT IS DONE

German Judge (*dramatically, to War criminal*): "Ach, you haf der honour of Germany besmirched. Avay to de dungeon go!"

Orpen's "Chef" at the "Palace"

It was a great relief to hear that Sir William Orpen's French cook had at last secured a "place." The painter received several offers of considerably larger sums than the Chantry fund could afford, but he refused them all, and Burlington House is now equipped with the most famous cook of the day. The original of what must really be considered *the* actual cook comes to a London grill-room, the Royal Palace Hotel having engaged him for the season, and all is well. I hope that some day the National Portrait Gallery will receive the great painting of Sir William MacCormick by Orpen. It is in the R.A. this year, but the French cook has somewhat overwhelmed it—in publicity. Ask any artist and he will tell you that this is the ideal combination which makes a great picture—a great portrait and a great painting. I do not know Sir William Orpen, but I do know that the portrait I speak of was a work of love and friendship. Hence its obvious inspiration.

A Journalistic Slip

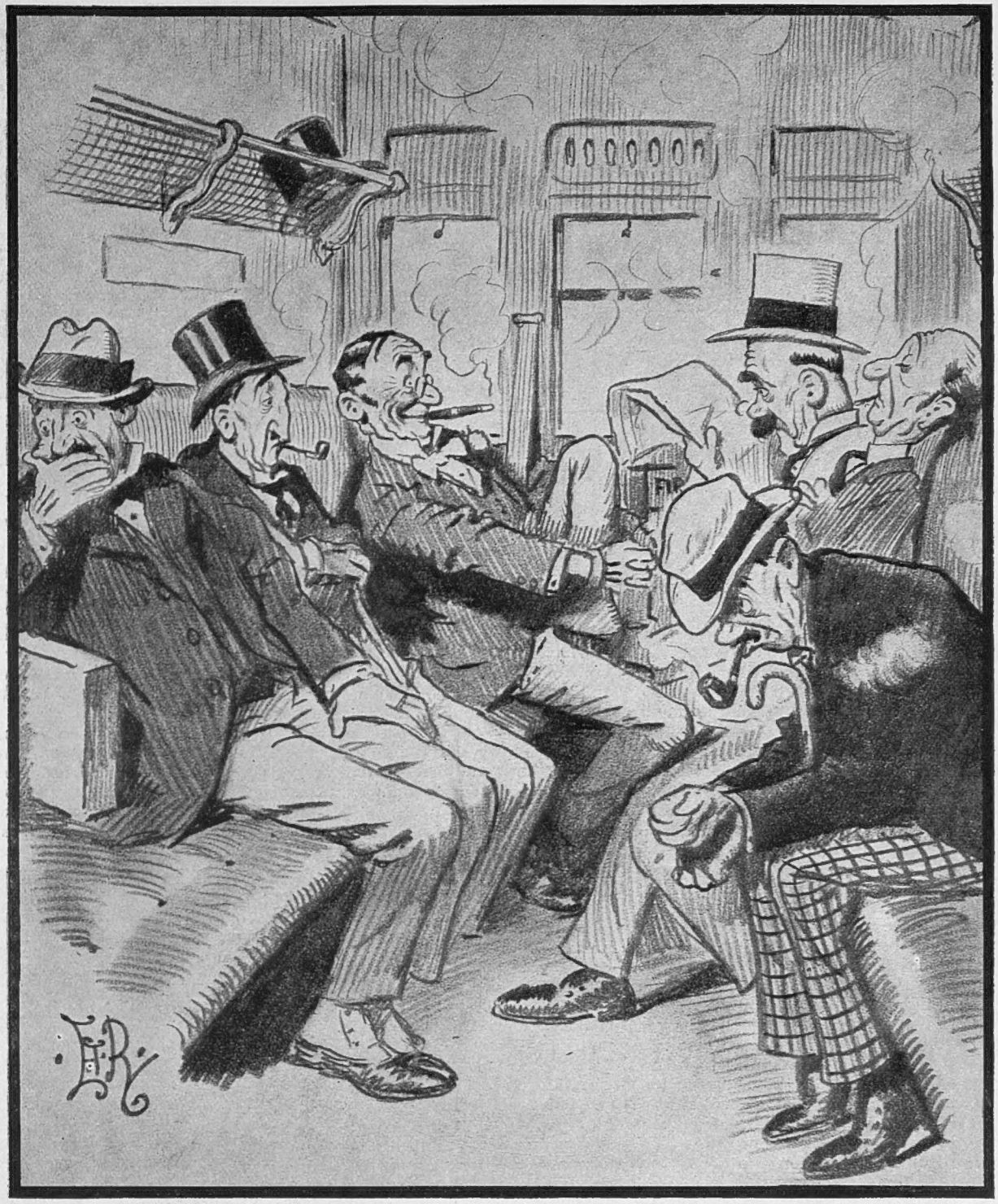
The perils of a little knowledge, to no one more dangerous than to the journalist, have just been exemplified in Occupied Germany. My correspondent there sends me an amusing cutting from the Cologne *Tageblatt*, which announces the dispatch of a division of British troops from the Rhine to Silesia under General Henniker, who is highly spoken of. Quoting from Reuter's Berlin agency, the enterprising journal then informs its readers of the departure from Cologne of "Colonel Blackwatch" to command a brigade in Silesia. No doubt Colonel Wauchope, commanding the Black Watch on the Rhine, will learn with interest the change of name which has accompanied his temporary promotion (which is a fact) to command a brigade.

On Strikes

It is all to the good that the Railway and Transport Workers' Unions have decided to see sense and remove the embargo upon the handling of coal. But the question is, will there be any coal to handle in the near future if the coal strike—sorry, "dispute," I mean!—goes on much longer? We all, sensibly enough, forgot about our troubles last week, being more intent upon backing the right horse. But with the Derby over even your "humorist" begins to look solemnly and sombrely upon the cheerless outlook. The splitting of hairs, by the way, on the part of the Labour Party about the nomenclature of the coal—er—discussion—does seem to border on the fatuous.

Views on Queues—

Most of the theatres, with the exception of the highly favoured few to be numbered, they say, on the fingers of one hand, continue to feel the slump. It would, therefore, seem to be an ideal moment at which to discuss theatre queues, and I notice that several daily contemporaries evidently take this view. It does not, however, seem to have occurred to any of the disputants to point out that if you



THE SILLY ASS HAS SPOILT THE WHOLE SHOW

By E. T. Reed

We *intended* to offer a Handsome Money Prize for the discovery of *the one man* in the above railway compartment who backed *Humorist*, but that person has shown such a preposterous lack of control over his facial expression that his detection has become the merest child's play. We must therefore give up the idea—we are sorry

remove a queue from a pit door by allowing all the seats to be booked on the same day, you only succeed in putting it back again—outside the box office, and in the morning instead of in the evening.

—and Queues that Enthuse!

I do not believe anybody really likes standing in a queue, even under sunny June skies, and with all the peculiar arts of the contortionist to watch, and the peculiar noises of the street musician to beguile the ear. But there are just two places in this country, and two short periods of the year—three or four days in fact—where and when queues consist of joyful enthusiasts. They begin to line up at half past six or seven of a spring morning, and the occasions are those of the visits of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera to Oxford and Cambridge. Gilbert and Sullivan opera was never yet played to anything but packed houses at either of the 'Varsity towns—a fact which says a good deal for undergraduate taste in matters theatrical

Photograph *Central News*

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT EPSOM

The Derby, from a social point of view, proved to be a great event, in spite of the coal trouble. In the Royal Box can be seen, from left to right: Prince Henry, Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Mary, the Duke of York, the Queen, the King, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Derby of Derbys

Now, you and I and all of us know that the miners themselves are not at the bottom of the coal strike. We know, too, that, reduced down to actual facts, the whole situation is a trial of strength between law and order, represented by the Government, and a certain number of ambitious men who find law and order most inconveniently in their way, and are trying the thin end of the wedge of "nationalisation" so that they can ride in triumphantly on the thick end.

These men were convinced inside their bones that the Government would give way when faced with the "absolute paralysis to the national life" of a coal strike.

Well, the Government hasn't given way, and it begins to look as if the coal strike is going to be an early writing on the wall for the railways. Not a single special train was run to Epsom, yet never has there been a bigger crowd. The roads from London were just one long line of motors, taxis, and charabancs. Petrol cocked snooks at Coal It must have been a nasty jar for the ambitious ones who believed they could "hold up everything" by their signal to the miners to strike.

The Laws of Compensation

THE Derby is more popular than fashionable, but this year all the fashionables were there. In former years the motorless stayed away because of the crowds in the train; the motorful because of the dust, congestion of traffic, and long half hours of waiting on the road.

But this year the police made motoring a joy, bless 'em; an airship directed the traffic by wireless, and cars and charabancs glided along for all the world like a scenic railway.

With the promise of perfectly controlled traffic, and a promise fulfilled to the *n*th, who amongst the motorless could refuse the offer of a seat in a car?

In this wise did the coal strike save a large number of the very deserving, but impecunious, the cost of a railway fare.

As Mr. Lloyd George said on an historic occasion, "These things adjust themselves." So, quite a number of folks who went to the Derby are rather grateful to the people who caused the coal strike. Besides, you can never "cadge" a railway fare, but you can always ask plump out for a seat in a friend's motor. And the number of charming ladies who are never backward in coming forward when anything is to be asked for grows larger and larger as the taxes rise and the incomes fall.

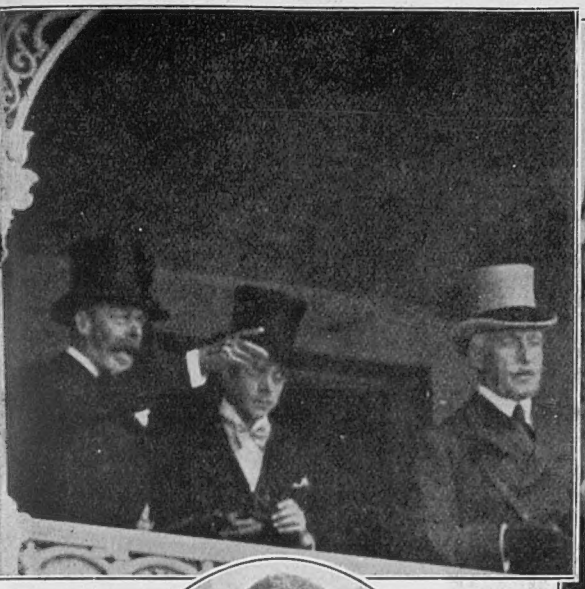
The Derby, too, came as a boon, a break, and a relief to a world *où l'on ne dine pas* and where one only dances for charity. A woman friend of mine, who is a standing-dish at dinners in her own particular circle—a very wide one—confided to me at a tea-fight the other day that she had never spent so many evenings all alone during the London season in her life as she has this year.

"People are cultivating the domestic virtues so strongly now," she said, "because they haven't enough coal to cook a dinner for their friends, that if the strike goes on much longer they will take to

Photograph *Farrin, don Photo Co.*

"HOW I WON THE DERBY"

The Prince listening to "Steve" Donoghue's account of the race, which, apparently, he was confident of winning all along. Behind the Prince can be seen Sir Charles Cust and Lord Jersey



Photograph *G.P.U.*

GREETINGS!

The three Princes at Epsom, the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and the Duke of York. The Prince of Wales looked exceedingly pleased before and after the race, perhaps he knew that Humorist was a certain "sitter"

PRINCESS MARY

Walking to the paddock before the memorable race, to inspect the horses

making wax-flowers or scrap-work screens."

A Suggestion

BUT since people can't have dinners and dances why don't they do as the ladies in Rome and Paris—be "at home," one, or perhaps, two, evenings in the week? The English idea of entertaining is always feeding. But in Paris and in Rome there are most delightful evening gatherings where nothing more than tea and a biscuit and lemonade is offered — and nobody wants, or expects, anything more.

We are odd in England. People will go to a tea-party and talk for an hour or more. But for the evening they must be given dinner, or, if it is an evening party, a refreshment buffet with wines and a *bat-à-clan* of *fois gras* sandwiches, *éclairs*, ices, expensive cakes, etc. etc.

In the Victorian times there used to be such gatherings o' evenings in the houses of many great dames. Perhaps the coal strike will bring them back again.

The Inner History of Luxembourg

IN common with the generality of people I thought that the ex-Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, who abdicated after the Armistice and retired to a convent in Italy, was pro-German. It is pleasant to know that we of the generality were mistaken. I have this account of what actually happened from a member of the little Court of

Photograph *Harris' Picture Agency*

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD

On the course at Epsom last week after witnessing the classic race. The Marquess of Blandford is the eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough; he married the Hon. Mary Cadogan last year

Photograph L.N.A.

"WAYLAID!"

A gipsy stops Lord Stanley while walking with his mother, Lady Derby, on the course. In front can be seen Lord Derby and Lady Stanley

Luxembourg, who was behind the scenes.

When the Germans over-ran the Duchy, the then Grand-Duchess protested, claiming all the rights of neutrality. Her protests were ignored. Luxembourg was occupied as if it had been an enemy country.

The Grand-Duchess had the spectacle of Belgium before her eyes. To spare her country similar horrors she received the German overlords with every courtesy, went even further, received them with *empressement*, flattered them, and by her attitude led them to believe her sympathies were on their side. She was successful, Luxembourg was spared, but all the Allies believed her to be pro-German, and she dared not deny it for fear of rousing German wrath—and consequent revenge upon her people.

The story of her engagement to the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria was a German lie, spread to show her close attachment to Germany. It was on all fours with the letters supposed to have been written by the Duke of Cumberland and the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Coburg to the Kaiser on the outbreak of war, and published in the German newspapers — fabrications spread abroad to cut the ground from under their feet.

Photograph Farrington Photo Co.

HUMORIST—EACH WAY

Lady Irene Curzon cannot have backed any losers last week, at least, it would not seem so at the particular moment the camera-man secured this charming snapshot

Determination Never to Marry

LONG before the War she had announced to her family that she would never marry, and would abdicate at some fitting opportunity in favour of her younger sister.

After the Armistice, misunderstood by the Allies, misunderstood by her own people, who never realised she detested the German invaders, she felt the opportunity had come. Placing the Grand Ducal coronet upon her sister's head, she retired to a convent at Modena.

Approved the Abdication

BUT the good Luxembourgeois were confronted with a further problem. To speak frankly, they were not displeased at the abdication of their ruler. The mind that is attracted by the cloister cannot grapple with the problems that surround a throne; hence difficulties arise for Government and people.

VISCOUNTESS UFFINGTON

On the left, with two friends, Mrs. Stanley and Lady Betty Trafford, at Epsom last week

"Plighted Her Troth"

THE ex-Grand-Duchess's sister and successor did not share her views on marriage. So little so that she had "plighted her troth," as the Early Victorian novelists used to say, to a Prince of Bourbon-Parma, brother of the dethroned Austrian Empress Zita and of Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma, who fought with the Belgians, and did all he could to help Austria to end hostilities.

The Luxembourg Cabinet told the Grand-Duchess-to-be that she must abandon all thoughts of marriage with a prince who was really Austrian in spite of his French and Italian titles.

Photograph *Photo Press*

SIR VICTOR WARRENDER

With his wife, Lady Warrender, at the Derby last week. Lady Dorothy, of course, before her marriage last year to Sir Victor Warrender, was Miss Rawson, a daughter of the late Col. Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P.

"If I must give up my Prince in order to be Grand-Duchess, then I will not be Grand-Duchess!"

Photograph *Topical Press*

ON THE COURSE

The Earl of Jersey with the Marquess of Crewe (in grey top hat) walking along the Derby course prior to the great race

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LEADING IN THE WINNER

Humorist was Mr. J. B. Joel's second Derby winner, for in 1911 he won with Sunstar. Here, he is leading the horse in with Donoghue up. Mr. Joel was afterwards presented to the King

she retorted. "Love rules the Court, the camp, the grove." The Cabinet capitulated. The young woman has married her Prince, she is Grand-Duchess, and all is as cosy and as happy as can be in Luxembourg.

Richmond Show

ONCE more the Horse Show at Richmond looks like being one of the brightest spots in this not too brilliant London season. There has, naturally, been some anxiety for the fate of the big

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

MISS GLADYS DEACON

Who is shortly to be married to the Duke of Marlborough. Miss Deacon is very well known in London society, and has probably been painted more often by distinguished artists than any other beautiful woman. She was a bridesmaid when the Duke married Miss Vanderbilt in New York, twenty-six years ago

horse shows on account of the long-drawn-out strike, but I am glad to know that the success of Richmond this week-end is assured. The entries have exceeded all expectations. They number no fewer than 650, and I know enough of their quality to predict that every department of the Show will be splendidly represented.

Royalty to be Present

ROYALTY, which has always strongly supported this Show, will again be in evidence, and we may be sure the Prince of Wales will examine the hunters with a critical eye when he visits the Old Deer Park on Saturday. One of the leading features will be a sparkling display of riding, jumping, and tent-pegging given each afternoon by the mounted branch of the Metropolitan Police. But the programme simply bristles with attractions. All that is wanted now is fine weather.

The Polo Test

THINGS were rather quiet in the polo world last week, writes our polo correspondent. Major Vivian Lockett decided to take a few days' holiday, leaving the management of the International team in the hands of Mr. Walter Buckmaster. The English captain deserved a rest, for he has been continuously occupied with the affairs of his team since the early part of the year, and he has had a decidedly worrying time. Active preparations for the International matches — the first is to be played on the 18th — were resumed at Hurlingham on Saturday. On trial form our men have no great chance. Yet polo trials are very deceptive, and I feel sure things will straighten themselves out in the end.

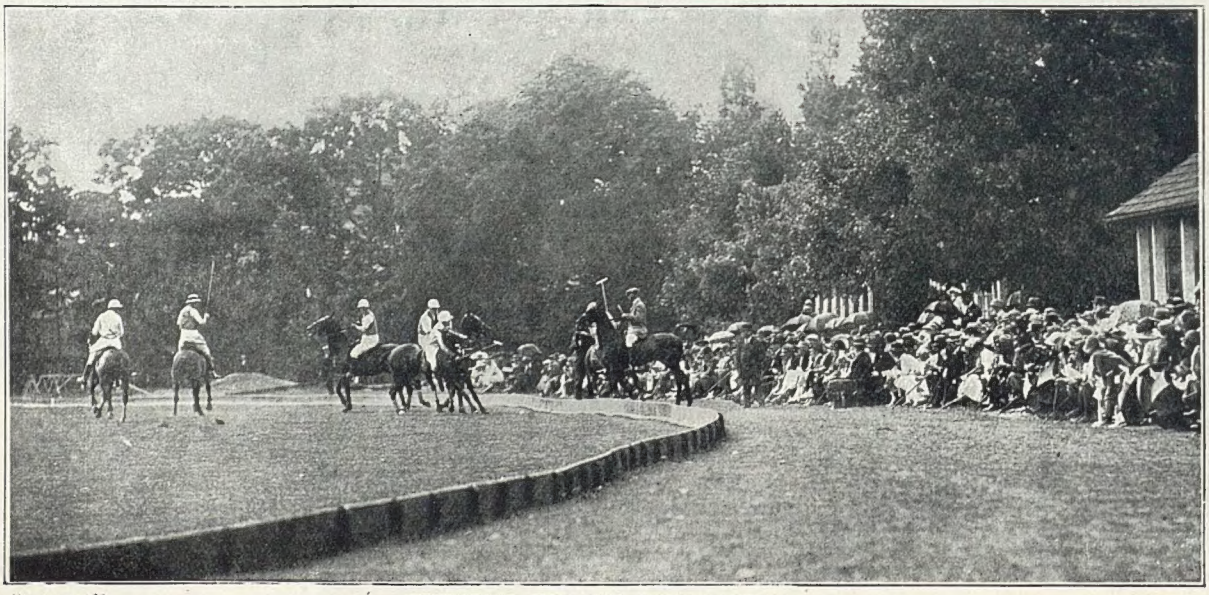
England's Chance

I THINK the *personnel* of our team is all right. So far the men, particularly Major Barrett and Lord Wodehouse, have been handicapped by the lack of tip-top ponies. No doubt some better mounts will be placed at the disposal of the team from now onwards. It is said that the Americans are prepared to lay good odds on themselves. If this is really the case my advice to you is to take the odds, for I am convinced that England, in spite of the croakers, is going to put up a really big fight at Hurlingham. In other words, I am not at all despondent about our chances of keeping the Cup in the old country for another spell.

Photograph *G.P.U*

SIR WILLIAM E. BERRY, BART.

The well-known newspaper proprietor who was included in last week's Birthday Honours List



Photograph] PREPARING FOR THE INTERNATIONAL *[Central News*

The Americans were again defeated at Roehampton last week, while the England team, playing at Ranelagh, overcame the Woodpeckers by seven goals to five. The above is a snapshot taken during the America-Roehampton game

"PUSS! PUSS!" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

By "JINGLE" *illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

ONE of the most attractive features of this delightful entertainment is its cheery good nature. Miss Lee White is more like a drawing-room hostess than a professional artist performing on a distant stage. She has a smile that seems to be directed at everybody in turn, and has all the while a sort of pleased-to-meet-you air that invites individual members of the audience to take her welcome as a personal matter. Miss White appears on the stage quite early in the Revue.

HER first trouble is that on looking about her she finds a part of her belongings missing, and she knows she had it with her when she left Australia! Presently she catches sight of the lost treasure and pounces upon it. It is Mr. Clay Smith, who has the advantage of being this charming lady's husband. This reunion leads up to a quaint little duet about birds at nesting-time. Quite an ordinary little song, perhaps, but made extremely interesting by the delightful manner in which it is rendered. Both these artists sing as if they were having the time of their lives and want the rest of us to share the fun. I believe even a professional agitator would have to chuckle if he went to see this show.

A LITTLE sketch called "Poetic License" offers a timely warning to gushing ladies who are enthusiastic admirers of poets whom

they have never met, just as the average romantic flapper will go wild over a matinée idol who, as like as not, is, in private life, a quiet family man, whose soul can best be made to soar to empyrean heights by a dish of well-cooked breakfast bacon. In this sketch, "Her Ladyship" (charmingly represented by Miss Joyce Barbour), invites to her house a distinguished poet, known to her only by his work; and she asks one of her lady friends to come and share her social triumph. For the poet will, of course, be the lion of the season, and she will have the honour of being the first to turn him loose on Society. In due course the poet is announced—and the curtain at once falls mercifully to conceal Her Ladyship's discomfiture, I have myself known poets who wrote as if they lived on velvet, and haunted gilded *salons*, and who were best known socially at their local bar-parlour in the spacious days before it was a crime to get your drinks chalked up.

Quite a novel turn follows the announcement, "The Company will Recite." Mr. Bert Coote, Miss Joyce Barbour, Miss Nora Creina, and Mr. Bob Cory, each give a nonsense recitation consisting of a four-lined verse. Receiving a direct hint from the prompter that they are not taking up enough time with this turn, they start again, adopting the plan of merging the four verses into one, line by line, thus evolving a perfectly lucid story that gains in absurdity as it progresses.

Then Mr. Clay Smith treats us to a little song about the "Silky Way"; and in case the constellation in question should not be readily identifiable, it is illustrated by a scene showing a number of nicely-lined silk stockings which subsequently prove to be the property, lining and all, of a corresponding number of pretty girls. Nowadays all the girls seem to be wearing silk, though I have been told that a close examination of the majority of the stockings shows that they are not always made of the real thing. Still, as that close examination is a privilege denied to most of us, we can give them all the benefit of the doubt with an open mind. Not to say a clear conscience.

Just about here Miss Lee White appears as a mother singing her baby boy to sleep, while father strolls on to announce that he and his mates are out on strike again. There is some excellent acting in this scene by Miss White and Mr. Eric Stanley; but it is thorny ground just now, and I suppose the least said about such things here the better. Miss White is heard a little later in a song on a subject that nobody would want to argue about. It tells of the panic that ensued "When Flossie found Her First Grey Hair," and brings down the house with whole-souled merriment. The humour of the song and the appealing charm of the singer make a combination that is

irresistible, and Miss White is very heartily congratulated accordingly.

THEN there is Mr. Bert Coote, a humorist of distinction, who gives a potted burlesque of *Bulldog Drummond*, in which the electric lights are duly shot out, as per red book, and a fearful fight takes place on the darkened stage between Mr. Coote and a dummy that seems to be very hard to kill.

A NOVELTY in these days is the turn of Mr. Horace Barnes with his impromptu rhymes. Longer ago than I care to remember I heard Mr. Arthur Roberts do something of the kind in one of F. C. Burnand's burlesques. He called upon the audience for a subject and worked it into the chorus of his song, the last line of which was, "In this Year of Eighty-nine." (There! I've given the date away, after all!) Mr. Barnes is, perhaps, a little more versatile.

HAVING duly worked into his song allusions to subjects supplied by the audience, he rambles off on his own account, fitting to a popular tune a playful reference to a lady in the audience who has just whispered something to a friend, or a gentleman at the back who is lighting a fresh cigar. The turn is quite a clever variant of the old wheeze, and it is distinctly amusing besides.

THERE is a laughable little play, acted by Mr. Bert Coote, Miss Joyce Barbour, and Mr. Hugh Dempster. The idea is that Clarence (Mr. Coote) is contemplating matrimony, and has been so imprudent as to omit to inform himself as to whether the lady in the case is liable to colds, whether she can eat an orange nicely, and whether she is given to flirtation. As the girl drops in to have a cup of tea shortly afterwards, she is, as it were, submitted to the acid test in these and other respects, though I take it that even in these prosaic and Eugenic days there is a limit set somewhere to the curiosity of eligible young men, pardonable though it may be. Marriage used to be regarded as a lottery; but henceforth, apparently, nobody will want to bet except on a certainty.

PERHAPS the most charming scene in the Revue is that in which Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith go into partnership with a piano, and give a little general entertainment of their own. It begins with a little cross-talk in which the two chaff each other liberally, Miss White being, as a rule, very properly and gallantly conceded the last word; and then Mr. Clay Smith sits at the piano and accompanies his fair partner in a song or two. One of the songs is addressed to "Mammy." It is given in Miss White's best style, the humour and pathos being supplied in about equal parts, and forming a beautiful medley which everybody will want to hear.

THE whole turn is so natural and so casual that the entertainers seem to be not on an isolated stage, but just in the middle of the room surrounded by their delighted friends. *Puss! Puss!* is an amusing Revue, and Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith provide it, in addition, with a welcome personal note, that adds infinitely to its interest and charm. JINGLE

A Matter of Memory

BY A. WHATOFF ALLEN

"WHAT is your particular mental weakness?" asked the Memory Trainer, genially.

I resented the innuendo of his greeting, but controlled myself.

"I suffer from an obsession," I answered, calmly.

"Frequent?" he enquired, sympathetically.

"Perpetual!" I answered, cheerfully. "I have squandered a considerable patrimony in the purchase of daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and half-yearly periodicals, in a vain endeavour to escape it. It haunts me. I cannot open a magazine without the same eerie phenomenon compelling my attention. At length I am forced to acknowledge the ugly truth: I have no memory, and for that reason I am the only living soul not earning a thousand a year. I have surrendered. I want to take your course. I have already ordered a two-seater for myself, and a set of furs for my wife."

"Quite so!" said the Memory Trainer. He seemed to find nothing unduly reckless in my conduct, and I began to feel more confident. I reflected that it was probably the usual thing, and wished I had made it a four-seater.

"Where did you first see our advertisement?" he asked.

"I really forget!" I answered.

It was thoughtless of me. He had obviously been waiting for that confession. A smile of satisfaction overspread his face.

"Of course," he said, indulgently, 'when you say that you forget, you don't really mean what you say. Nothing is ever forgotten. You don't really forget: you merely fail to recollect."

"Let's get that quite clear," I said. "If I understand you correctly, the position is this: if I can't remember, I haven't forgotten; it is merely that I have not remembered how not to forget. In the same way, if I have forgotten, I have not really forgotten; it has only slipped my memory that I can't forget. Now that you come to mention it, that seems perfectly clear."

"Quite elementary!" he assured me. "You will learn that in your first lesson. You will also learn that your mind is like a photographic plate."

"I am sometimes accused of density," I confessed, humbly.

"If you fail to recollect," he went on, "it is because the first impression was not vivid enough. Your powers of observation are probably poor?"

"If my wife is to be believed," I answered, "the average quality of my observations is deplorable."

"It points to an error of focus," he explained. "Or you may have used the wrong aperture."

"I am told that I often listen with an open mouth," I acknowledged. Concealment was obviously absurd; the man's diagnosis was positively uncanny in its accuracy.

"By our course of training," he added, "you will learn accurate observation and correct thought. At present you may think you think, but you don't think."

I didn't argue.

"Our course has been studied by many eminent men," he assured me, "among others by Members of Parliament—we specialise in Members of Parliament. The result of taking our course is almost inevitably a seat at Westminster——"

"Stop!" I cried, interrupting his Litany. "Am I out of focus? Was my aperture wrong? Was I listening with my mouth? Or am I right when I say that you mentioned Members of Parliament? Do you mean to tell me that you deliberately endow them with a memory? Am I to understand that their speeches, their vows, their promised subscriptions, even their election jokes, must inevitably return to them?"

He nodded gravely.

"When our course has been studied, nothing is irrevocable," he answered, calmly.

But I was. I left him—irrevocably.

I am an M.P. A. W. A.

"RAILWAY TIME." By C. E. B. Bernard

Breathless Individual: "Porter, what's the next train to London?"
Porter: "London, sir? Well, let me see, now, here we are—four twenty-eight on August the twenty-sixth!!"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

BRIQUETTES

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

DIPLOMACY OVER THE CAFÉ IS BETTER

MES AMIS—

Evidemment there is not anything that is more easy to make than the trouble. The people who are not able to make anything else can at the least make that. And they have done it. Once have the trouble-makers been started on the only operation they have ever been able to make without the failure, they have become drunk with the success and have rioted with the munitions of the mischief. It has scarcely been one single newspaper office that has not been the manufactory of the stings and the arrows. And what is the good of it all to you and to me who have quite enough had already of the War? Or what is the good of it all to the miner and the peasant in Upper Silesia who has been made to look as if he had enough of the raging peace?

IT is not difficult to believe that the *gens ordinaires* who are at the place have the same ideas as the *gens ordinaires* in England and in France. But it is so difficult to hear of them. There is so much noise from the people who have the wish to decide for them, and by far the most from those who know about it the least. Why is there never published the reports of the smart young soldiers of France, and of England, and of Italy—who have learned from the lips of the pretty Silesiennes what are the real wishes of the inhabitants? Is this another of the evils of the secret diplomacy? Why should it be pretended all of the time that there is in Silesia not anything but the coal and the miners? Over the café tables of Beuthen and of Kattowitz there must have been exchanged the whispers which are far more instructive than the complicated plebiscite.

ONE will forgive me when I insist that this neglect of the café is of the most serious. There is a reminder in the sad news which has come about the Café Veron. Almost alone in its old-fashionedness the Café Veron is to close just when one ought to open hundreds of the similar cafés. It was at the Café Veron that the journalist of the old style had the habit to write his articles. The best journalists—*çela va dire*, the writers of the best articles—made the fashion to write with a *danseuse* on each knee. There was not any haste. There was a gallantry that was inexhaustible. There was an atmosphere of kindliness and of calm reflection. It is a pity that the writers of *Le Matin* are not compelled to do the whole of their articles at the Café Veron, which is quite near, and each of the other newspaper offices which make the practice to publish the vitriolics, should have a Veron of their own. The journalism and the diplomacy are done nowadays with the too great haste. When a writer in the noise of a newspaper office begins to write the reply to a speech long before he has read the end of it, there is always the danger to say something which it would be better not to say. How much better to take and read it over a *bock*, and under the genial influence of the cheerful surroundings—impelled to construct the polished periods instead of the bitter retorts—write

(*Continued on page 596*)

"Who have learned from the lips of the pretty Silesiennes"

"With a *danseuse* on each knee"

From the Paris Salon

"DANS LES CHAMPS DES ROSES" BY ANDRÉ STRAUSS

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

an elegant explanation of the French point of view, with the precise reasons for the difference! Then the impressionable British Premier would be likely to listen to the argument. It is rather of the extreme to expect him to listen to a writer who has called him by all the epithets which have the currency in Montmartre and Montparnasse.

THERE is one writer who has remembered the more gallant days of old. This is the London correspondent of *Le Journal*. He must have well-remembered his Veron. He has written two columns to help his readers "to understand Mr. Lloyd George." And while he has driven in the French arguments much better than most of his vituperous confrères, he has done it with a raillery that must have delighted the British Premier himself. He has compared Mr. Lloyd George to a pretty woman who has conserved all her susceptibilities, "even after twenty years of public life." Could there be anything more archly calculated to disarm the lovable and love-able Prime Minister than that? I do not think so.

HAS entered on the wiser path also a clever editor of the *Action Française*, who has produced the most dreadful threat of what could be done to bring the British to heel if they insisted to break the alliance. "You shall not have our turkeys for your Christmas dinners," he has chuckled, "if you cease to be our friends." He but makes the fun, you say. Yes, but he makes also a point that will impress far more than all the vilification that ever has been written. What would but sadness be the English Christmas dinner without the turkey?

"Under the genial influence of the cheerful surrounding"

"Christmas dinner without the turkey"

And will it not touch far more the majority of the Englishmen than the question of whether a Silesian coal mine is in Poland or in Germany? The coal mine will stop where it is, anyway, and whether it is called German or Polish will not add a scrap of comfort to the English homestead. But a break with France, as M. Charles Maurras timefully discloses, would leave the English Christmas with almost nothing but the plum pudding. And who but the schoolboy could stand more than a second helping of that? What of the champagne! Or the Romanee! What of the Normandy butter, or the Brittany (always) new potatoes! There may be enough turkeys in your Norfolk for the needs of the West End, but they would not go very far without the support of the heavy consignments from the west of France.

I HAVE the confidence to believe that this is a threat which will have the consequences. I have spent two Christmasses in England and do not think that anyone would like to face the deprivation of the turkey all over a coal mine in Silesia. Let us all get together, has said M. Charles Maurras, and over a *repas monstre*, with the friendship-making wine, remember the good points of each of us and forget all about the bad.

PHILOSOPHY of the dinner-table. Diplomacy of the café. I have the conviction it is of the far better. And I am sure *Mes Amis* will agree *Point de doute*

ROLAND

Between Chukkers

BY HELEN McKIE

SOME IMPRESSIONS IN THE SUN AT RANELAGH

" WELCOMING

BY WILMOT LUNT

HER BACK"

The Power in Occupation

BY THE PREOCCUPIED BYSTANDER

THE Allies have failed in Rhineland. It is painful to confess it, but truth demands the admission. We have seized our towns and our customs. With an "economic barrier" we have separated the Rhinelander from his Fatherland, but to no purpose. One consolation we have, that Berlin has been worsted by the same foe as ourselves. That capital has denounced our injustice and our deep-laid "separatist" schemes, and has daily and wearisomely declaimed that she will never desert Mrs. Rhineland-Micawber. Neither has had any effect—both were defeated by spring! Let Supreme Councils decree, let *Zeitungen* of every kind denounce the decrees—on the Rhine neither Briton nor German cares for these things. The address of an undiscovered — and, therefore, unspoiled—Rhineside inn is worth more than the whole country's paper revenues—a guitar, a haversack, and a day's *Wanderfahrt* makes more appeal than Dr. Simons' most legal-learned exportation.

By H. L. Oakley

"A guitar, a haversack, and a day's *Wanderfahrt*"

LET an Englishwoman explain it. "The Rhineland is a garden of enchantment when the blossom is in flower. It is a hard saying that any sight on earth can be more beautiful than an English spring at its best. And yet, with memories of a spring in the Rhineland, I am bound at least to hesitate. . . The vivid green of the fields, the yellow splashes of mustard, the varied tints of tree, and bush, and blossom—all this meets and glows together in the sunlight. . . . The beauty of deepflowing waters is added to the scene. The Rhine maidens themselves must surely be at play in the sunshine as the Rhine sweeps by hill and vineyard. Their laughter and joyous song can be heard by fancy's ear. . . ."

By H. L. Oakley

"Hearken to the call of spring in this smiling land"

THE picture is Violet Markham's, and is not the least charming page in her new book, *A Woman's Watch on the Rhine*." This latter is not limited to vivid word painting of natural beauties—it contains evidence of an insight into both French and German psychology that makes one wish that a bigger percentage of British Rhinelanders could have watched the Rhine—and its sons and daughters—with the keen insight of Miss Markham.

But is there another Englishwoman in Rhineland who could write. . . . "I heard Herr Sollmann, a Socialist leader in Cologne. . . ." In forcible language she gives us a picture of those of her own sex whom she compares to "the Mohammedans who sat in a circle and spat at a ham." The picture need not, alas, have been limited to women.

ONE expects originality and courageous sentiments from this writer. Her book gives us both, not only in such challenging views as her condemnation of Cologne Cathedral's exterior and approbation of the massive Hohenzollern Bridge—but in her fair and just estimate of the Rhinelander as she finds him. The latter, despite her criticisms, should share the gratitude of ourselves and the French for this book, though, having had much experience of the rule of soldiers, he may well demur at her confidence in the efficiency of military as opposed to civilian administration.

BUT pleasanter than obedience to any mortal power is it to hearken to the call of summer in this smiling land. Even if we feel that it *ought* to share in the ruin which is Picardy, the sternest heart unashamedly rejoices that instead roses bloom in it, in undeserved profusion. A few weeks, and railway fares double once more—meantime the 7.30 a.m. express transports one from the dust and bricks of Cologne to the Rhine of Siegfried—and the whistle is blowing.

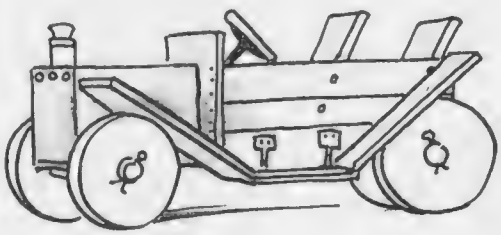
ERIC GORDON

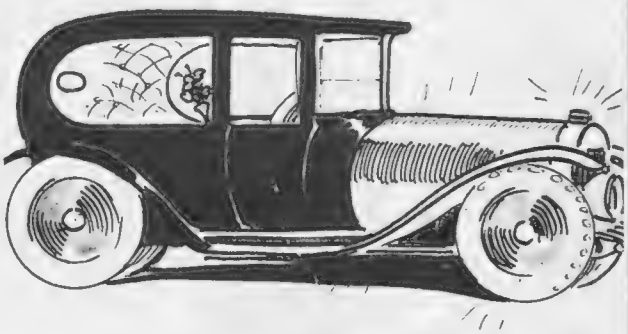
IF ONLY

One Could Get Rid of The Thirst for Beauty and Prefer—

This to This

This to this

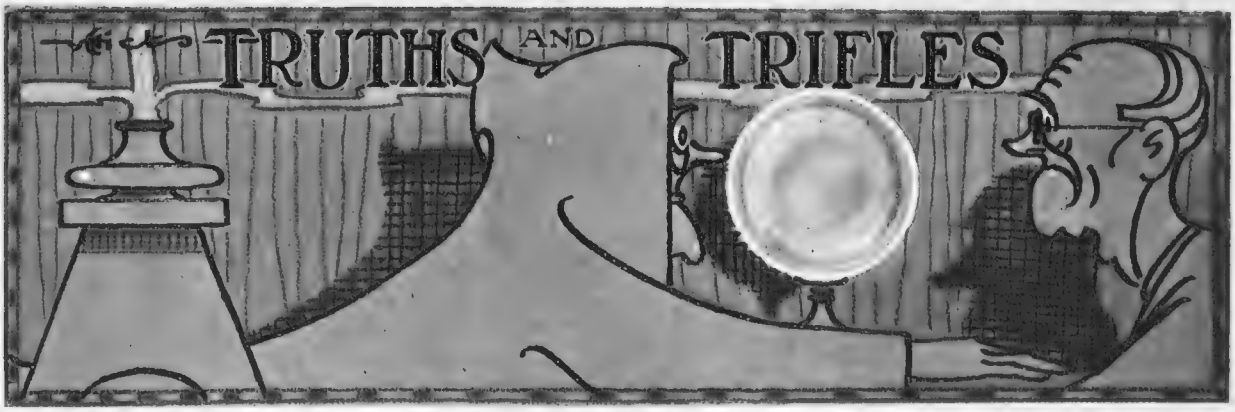




And this to this

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—What a Saving It Would Be!



By Victor Hicks

THE FATALIST

The fortune-teller said he would meet with a fatal accident, but told him not to worry as it wouldn't happen till the end of his life

At a police-court in London a man was summoned by his wife for locking her in the house. On the same day another man was summoned by his better-half for locking her out. It is difficult to please a woman.

By means of a "Rexometer" the slightest movement of an apparently motionless article can be traced. This means that in future we shall be able to tell whether a bricklayer is on strike or not.

LOAN-SOME By Stan Terry

Fair Maid: "Can you float alone?"
Financier: "I don't know, my dear. How large a loan do you want?"

To the coal strike is attributed (*a*) a cleaner London atmosphere, and (*b*) a decrease in microbes. Mr. Hodge's chagrin at finding himself a public benefactor is said to be intense.

* * * *

According to Dean Inge, a man's best work is done before he is found out. An anonymous correspondent writes from Dartmoor to express his hearty agreement with this theory.

* * * *

"We all look frightfully stupid whilst asleep," asserts a writer in a daily paper. Anyone who doubts this statement should sit with closed eyes in front of a mirror and see for himself.

* * * *

"I have never known a criminal who was content with life," recently declared Dr. Johnstone during a lecture. Of course not, it is those who are not known that are content.

* * * *

It is said that the evil men do lives after them. We intend, however, to make a mighty effort to get our neighbour's cornet buried with him.

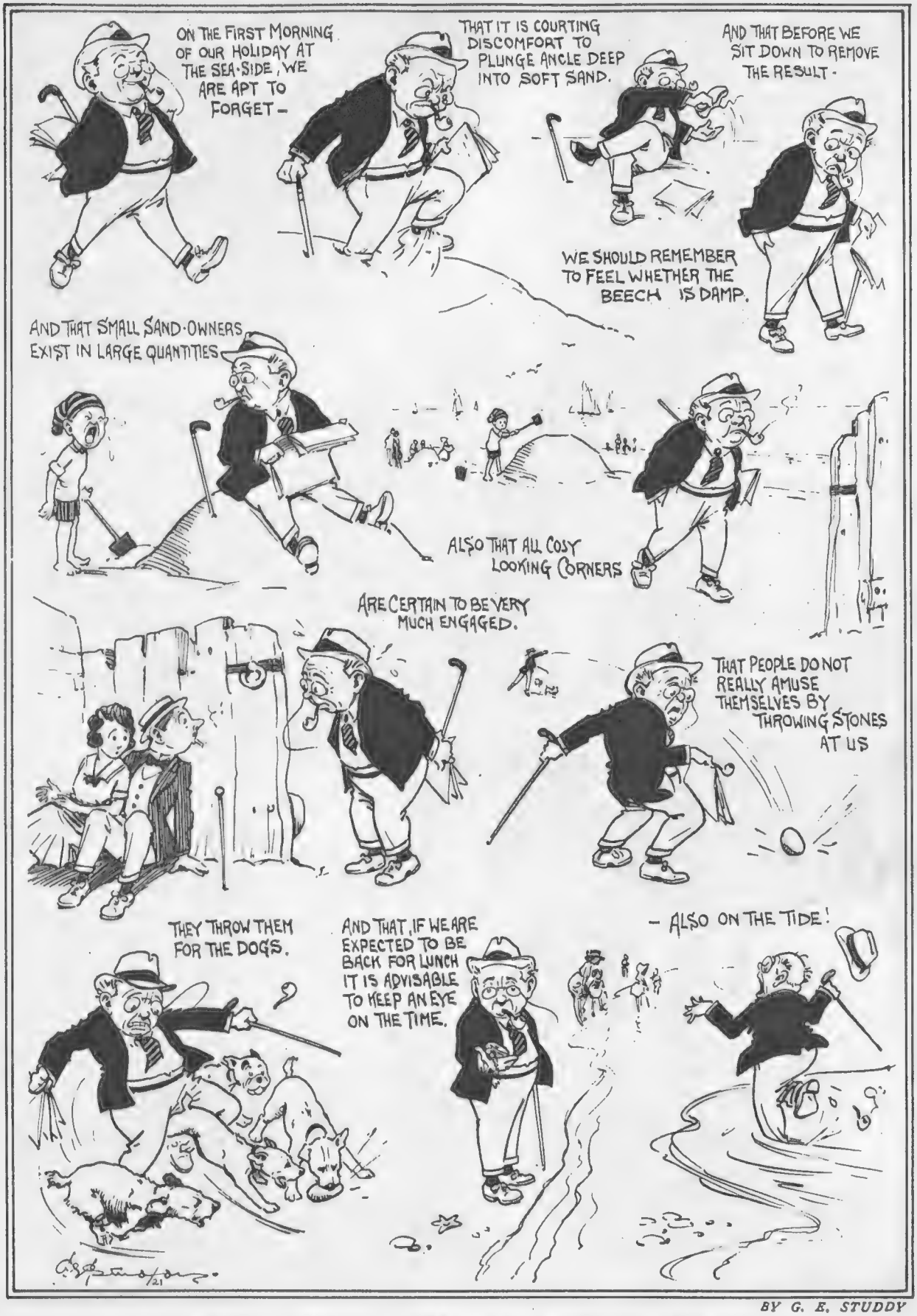
* * * *

The shortest story of the week: "Once upon a time there was some coal."

* * * *

A railway company is requesting its passengers not to rest their feet on the carriage cushions. So now if any of them get their boots dirty in future it will be their own fault.

After Twelve Months



BY G. E. STUDDY

SEA-SIDE THINGS WE ARE APT TO FORGET

"O! Sweet and Gentle Thames"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A DIP IN THE WEIR STREAM AT WINDSOR

TALES of the PEACETIME R.A.F.

No. 2 The Accolade

By JAMES HENRY

Illustrated by OSWALD CUNINGHAM

ONCE on a time a girl—just an ordinary girl—smiled on a man, and he became her slave for ever. She had other slaves—including a *fiancé*—but this man was of finer clay than they. They expected reward according to their nature and station—a smile, a flower, a wedding in Knightsbridge; he expected none and asked none.

And his name was McNab.

The girl smiled at him because she was very happy and he was her *fiancé's* batman. Then she walked away and forgot even his name.

For various reasons this is a good thing. It might mean the shattering of another more important dream to discover how very perfect and gentle a knight she brought to her service that afternoon at Cenely.

For McNab, till then, had been neither perfect nor gentle. His conduct sheet was a scandal, and his habits on pay-night primitive to a degree. Mainton—his master and her *fiancé*—only kept him because batmen were hard to come by, and even with his more hectic lapses from virtue and his undoubted laziness, McNab was honest.

But, with that one unforgettable smile, McNab changed most remarkably—Mainton almost believed him ill—and became the most reliable body-servant a man might wish for. He even polished daily the seven complicated silver frames in which lived portraits of the girl, and seemed to find joy of the task. A miracle indeed.

I fear that had Mainton known the explanation that lay behind, he would have scoffed brutally, and told the matter as a jest. He did not suffer from over-sensitive fibres and he was no poet. He just loved the girl in the ordinary way of youth—which in a man is usually a mixture of sublime selfishness and uncontradicted conceit.

Now, Mainton was a Gosport instructor in a day when Gosport instructors were still rare beings. So his Squadron-Leader usually chose him to do the showing off when important visitors came to visit. What Mainton could not do with an Avro was not worth doing. He was first-class A1 at Lloyds. . . .

Came the eve of a day when a most important party of gentlemen in real top-hats were expected, and Mainton was duly warned off to do circus tricks for their edification.

Unfortunately, the eve was also guest night. More unfortunately, Mainton had an old friend of Baltic days to dine. Most unfortunately Mainton broke an easily given promise to the girl—"every little helps Dickie."

Finally and disastrously, he and his friend, got a lift up to London in another man's car after dinner, and . . . . At six the next morning a taxi delivered him to a newly arisen McNab—horrid, beastly, vulgarly, paralytic.

"The girl smiled at him because she was happy and he was her *fiancé's* batman"

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (concluded)

McNab rose to the occasion, carried him furtively but rapidly into his quarters, paid the taxi even to a tongue-quieting-tip and put him to bed. Then he summoned his friend the sick-quarters orderly, swore him to secrecy, and told him "to get on with it."

But it was no good. Mainton snored heavily . . . .

. . . . . .

"I told that young fool to remain on the ground till they arrived," said the Squadron-Leader, "I'll tear his hair when he comes down."

He watched the Avro circling for height. Then, as the blare of a Klaxon came from the high road, turned to meet his guests with due saluting, bugling, and presenting of arms.

"I've a machine in the air now, sir," he explained to the shabbiest and most important top-hat. "The pilot will give you an exhibition of aerobatics before you inspect the station."

The pilot had evidently seen them, for his display had already started. The top-hats watched with interest, admiration, and involuntary ejaculation. It was a marvellous display and kept their attention riveted.

So they failed to notice the Squadron-Leader's look of amazed alarm. His "My God, he's trying to do an outside loop!" and later, "That spin will crash him!"

Nor, fortunately, did they see the faces of officers and men as they gazed skywards.

"What's up?" hissed the Squadron-Leader to his adjutant. "Is Mainton mad or drunk or what? He's flying like a Hun in a nightmare. Look at that flat turn."

The adjutant slipped off to make inquiry.

The machine above stalled, got out of it, side-slipped, straightened, switched off its engine, and—final, overwhelming surprise to those who understood—made a perfect falling-leaf landing. The top-hats took it as a matter of course.

"Wonderful, indeed," said they. How wonderful they never knew.

Their inspection was most satisfying, and before they left they had an opportunity of thanking Mainton for his display. He was looking dazed and rather shaky. He explained that he had a slight headache. Perhaps this accounted for his brusquerie in accepting their congratulations. He looked unutterably weary, and did not even brighten up when, amid more bugling and guards, they went away.

"Now, young man," said the Squadron-Leader, and his brow was black . . . .

. . . . . .

Mainton took his strafing quietly. There was not much of it, anyway, for his C.O. saw that he was sick and packed him off to bed.

"Never you try and fly again, my lad, if you're not up to the mark," he said. "It's criminally silly. I should never have thought an experienced pilot could fly so badly. I could have sworn a dozen times to-day that you would kill yourself. Now cut."

Mainton cut as he was bid, and carefully shut the door of his quarters behind him. To his credit his first action was to grip his servant's hand.

"How did you do it?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"You've took me up once or twice, Mr. Mainton, sir—It looked easy enough."

"But who the blazes landed her?"

"You did that, sir, thank gawd." McNab wiped a hand across a clammy brow. "You woke up just in time or I don't know where we'd a landed. I'd no idea 'twas so difficult to judge."

"Who else knows?" demanded his master with fresh fear clutching his heart.

"Only your rigger and engineer, sir," explained the man. "I 'ad to get 'elp to lift you in. But they won't split. They've swore."

He looked sheepish and ashamed.

"Bless 'em. Shake again, McNab. I'll never forget this. You're a brick. You're a marvel—You're . . . ."

Once more their hands met. But even in his babble of blessed relief and gratitude there was perhaps a touch of condescension on Mainton's side. He did not realise, you see, in his youthful egotism that he had grasped the hand of a knight who served his lady very much more perfectly than he himself would ever do. But he had learnt at least one lesson that day, and that is all youth may tackle at a time. Perhaps sometime, somewhere . . . .

"'Is Mainton mad or drunk?' hissed the Squadron-Leader"

An Ascot Note

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"THE GRAND PARADE"

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

A SUM-MER-MAID

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

Do you like crying best or laughing? Rather an important sort of looking question, what? But only just at the theatre, I mean—not the real sort. Question aforesaid being inspired chiefly, I confess, by a visit to the Aldwych, where they've been giving one at *matinées* a mixture of the two, the lightest of light comedy, in Harold Chapin's *The New Morality*, and the darkest of Galsworthy sob-stuff, as the irreverent put it. Though the word isn't quite worthy of the author, is it, spite of Max's famous cartoon of "Mr. Galsworthy looking on life and finding it foul"?

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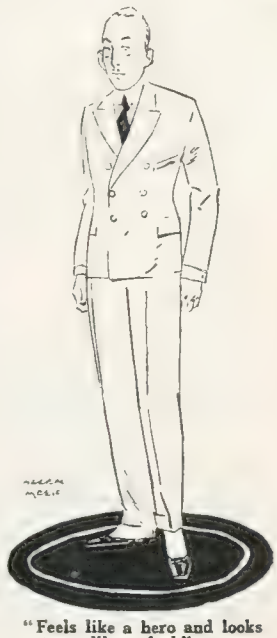
Most of us, after all, do, I believe, rather prefer to have at any rate the chance of having a real good cry in our stall, even if we're strong-minded enough to avoid soaking our square inch or two of hanky through and through. Feels more real, somehow, than listening to even the fluffiest of epigrams like Mr. Chapin's one on Platonic friendship, about how "the man feels like a hero and looks like a fool, and the woman goes about with that triumphant look in her eyes of having got something for nothing!"

卐 卐

Though it all depends on your mood, really, in the end, doesn't it? When you're all square with the world or a bit up, you don't mind sitting in a dark corner and having your heart thrilled and torn by the spectacle of Owen Nares and Meggie Albanesi dying beautifully together as the most tragic of hopeless lovers. But when you're sad and the world is pitch black, you'd much rather be in the front row of the stalls in your smartest frock watching Kate Cutler, in *hers*, being brilliantly wayward and witty all about nothing at all.

卐 卐

And that's one of the reasons, p'raps, I think, why the Russian Ballet, in these days of theatrical slumps, is such an all-round success. Scores both ways, it does. There's all the exquisite comedy and light feathery grace of those little gems like *Carnaval* or *La Boutique Fantasque*, and at the same time the exquisitely thrilling music of Rossini or Schumann, or whoever it is, to move your heart to either joy or sorrow, according to your mood. Not to mention the rich and rare colouring of Bakst scenery and dresses, and the perfectly fascinating conducting of M. Ansermet (with long Assyrian beard) and the general loveliness of it all, from the wonderful dancing of Lopokova and Idzikovsky to the miming of the humblest member of the chorus, that makes it all fit in with any sort or kind of frame of mind.



"Feels like a hero and looks like a fool"

卐 卐

All the better, really, for having no words—you can fit into it any words you like. Words really are rather a handicap, you know, what? As some one once said, words have done more harm in the world than anything else . . . except *not* talking. If you *call* it talking, that is—telling a woman how much she's loved, I mean, and how well her hat suits her, and all that sort of thing. Men, even the best of them, are always inclined to err on the economy side about that, aren't they? And hence (between you and me) quite half or more of the misfortunes that ever happen.

"Quite a good season after all"

卐 卐

In real life, though . . . in real life we don't ever want to cry, of course. Or ever do it, either. "Haven't you taken to being rather too serious lately, Blanchette?" someone writes, by the way. Sorry. Didn't mean to do it, anyway. *My* motto's just—

Keep on humming, till troubles fly away,
Keep on humming, although the skies are gray,
The bright days are coming
So just keep on humming . . .

now, and to-morrow, and all the time.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

ESPECIALLY these lovely June days, these hours of flaming June (even if sometimes she also weeps), these glorious days in England now when, as John Drinkwater writes—

Now June walks on the waters . . .
Now dawn comes to my window
Breathing midsummer roses,
And scythes are wet with dew . . .

卐 卐

TIMES when the cool morning comes almost before the warm night is ended, when the garden is full of roses, the roses which are the most passionately lovable and the shortest-lived of our flowers —

Roses are beauty, but I never see
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June,
Glowing like thought upon the living tree,
Without a pity that they die so soon.

卐 卐

IT'S a time, isn't it, when nature seems to speak for herself? No words needed—perhaps that's part of the fascination of it, when all around us there are—

Lilies like thoughts, roses like words,
In the sweet brain of June,

to quote John Drinkwater once again. A time of life and colour, when all desire is merged in the love of the beauty that nature showers upon us with such a lavish hand. . . .

I want to fill my gaze with blue and silver,
Radiance through living roses, spires of green
Rising in young-limbed copse and lovely woods,
Where the hueless wind passes and cries unseen.

卐 卐

OH, and as Rupert Brooke said, "oh, it's mad to be in London with the world like this. . . . The excitement and the music of the birds, the delicious madness of the air, the blue haze of the distance . . . . I want to walk a thousand miles, and write a thousand plays, and sing a thousand poems, and drink a thousand pots of beer, and kiss a thousand girls, and—oh, a million things. . . ."

卐 卐

THE madness of June—rather lovely, isn't it? Even in London, where, of course, one hasn't quite the scope that the country has to offer—even here in London now we have our little touches of June joys, in spite of mining troubles and "more troops ordered to Ireland," and all the rest of it. In fact, if you ask me, I do believe the season's going to be a quite good season after all, whether there's enough coal to keep the home fires burning or not through this (industrial) "winter and frost" that Mr. Lloyd George has been so eloquent about.

"We discuss whether Miss Leitch is really better than Miss Alexa Stirling, of the U.S.A."

卐 卐

LUCKY we're such philosophers what? Rome burns—and, instead of being worried to the bone about any old industrial crisis or Hun trials, we discuss . . . well, whether Miss Leitch is really better than Miss Alexa Stirling, of the U.S.A., or about our seats for next week's *première* of the Horse Show, or if Oscar Asche will beat the Lord Chamberlain over the great *Mecca* controversy, or all the June weddings, or if we shall go to the "Mays" this week, or the American invasion (polo and otherwise), or the way to do the shimmy so as not to be utterly vulgar and yet up-to-date in the very latest dance of the very latest moment. Because you really *have* to dance it, you know, somehow or anyhow, or you might as well be dead.

卐 卐

TALKING of dances, there was a really rather extra special one at the Hyde Park Club last week for the Boy Scouts (of all people), with all sorts of prizes going and heaps of Princesses to give the affair a real good cachet, or introduction, to the world. And I'm asked to tell you also of a rather special show at Princes this week, when there'll be not only a "fancy fair" in the afternoons, but a couple of quite good dances on Friday and Saturday nights for the same excellent object. Which is, by the way, women's training and employment, a matter which we all have at heart, what?

"A dance at the Hyde Park Club for the Boy Scouts"

卐 卐

RICHMOND Horse Show, too, by the way, this week, not to mention a shower of private dances. You know the sort, where everybody bobs heavily up and down and breathes down your neck and says "Thank you" afterwards as he leads you back to your chaperon (if any). Really, June dancing does tend to be just a little bit of a trial, when you come to think of it, what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

CORELLI

The Continental Fashion

IN Italy, as elsewhere on the Continent, Vermouth is enjoyed in *wine* glasses. Here in Great Britain, for some inexplicable reason, Vermouth is frequently served in *liqueur* glasses. That practice (which is entirely wrong) deprives the Briton of much of the pleasure and beneficial effects following the consumption of Italy's national beverage.

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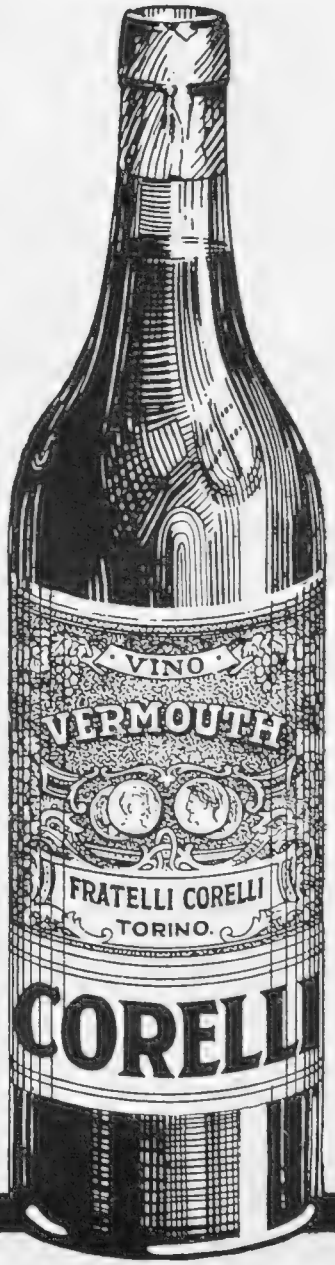


RACING NOTIONS BY CARBINE

Photograph *L. N. A.*

WON BY A NECK

Humorist was barely a neck up on Craig an Eran, while Lemonora finished three lengths behind; Alan Breck making a close fourth. In the "Guineas" the same four figured largely, Craig an Eran finishing with Lemonora, Humorist and Alan Breck a short way behind

Derby Luck

WAS Craig an Eran unlucky not to win the Derby? That was the question which most of us were asking after the great race. Of course, the supporters of Humorist will not entertain the suggestion that the second should have won, but if the race were to be run over again I know upon whom my money would be wagered. It would not be on Humorist! I hate making excuses for beaten horses. It never cuts any ice. Yet when you see your horse get badly away and race in an unfavourable position all through the journey, you may be pardoned for complaining about the luck.

Looking Ahead

THE result of the Derby does nothing to detract from the interest of the St. Leger. On the contrary, that race looks like providing no end of excitement, for there is sure to be the keenest partisanship where Humorist and Craig an Eran are concerned. Over the longer course I think Lord Astor's colt should prevail. Nor will Lemonora be out of the reckoning at Doncaster. He is a fine stayer, and would have been nearer to the two leaders last week if it had not been for the fact that he was troubled by the downhill work. I can foresee that the St. Leger will create extraordinary public interest. Lemonora, by the way, is to go for the Grand Prix de Paris.

A Long Shot

IF I took a "long shot" for the St. Leger now it would be Westward Ho. I am sure there are great possibilities about this colt. He ran quite as well in the Derby as his trainer expected him to do, for the colt is still very backward. All being well, he should be at something like his best in September, and I doubt whether, in the long run, Lord Glanely will regret having paid such a tremendous price for him. Alan Breck, too, is likely to come into the picture at Doncaster. He made a wonderful effort in the Derby seeing that one of his legs was undoubtedly under grave suspicion.

A Fine Day's Racing

PERHAPS the best day's racing of the week was seen on the third afternoon at Epsom. This used to be regarded as an "off day," but it is so no longer. The unluckiest horse of the afternoon was Tinspear. He would certainly have won the Durdans Handicap but for his jockey getting himself into a dreadful tangle on the rails. I was glad to see Orby's Pride come back to form, for I have always held a high opinion of this sprinter. And how about Abbots Trace now for the Royal Hunt Cup? He looks like coming to a microscopic price for the big Ascot handicap. But these supposed "good things" do not always come home, and something may yet come to the rescue of the Ascot handicapper.

Ascot Prospects

SHALL we have any trains for the great meeting next week? Candidly I am not looking forward very eagerly to the prospect of motoring to and from Ascot each day. It is clear that this wretched coal dispute is on its last legs. May it collapse in time for the South Western line to give us its wonderful service of special trains. At the moment of writing, however, I must confess that the outlook is by no means bright. Lieut-Colonel Gordon Carter told me last week that the course was never in better condition, though more rain is needed to make the grass grow.

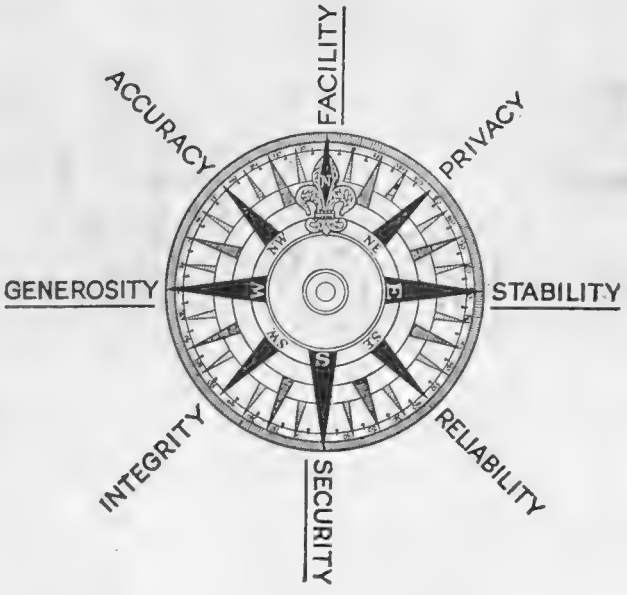
Newbury Attractions

WE shall have some good racing at Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday, though here, again, we shall miss the admirable railway facilities which are usually provided. On the opening day the Empire Handicap will bring out some smart sprinters, and I shall expect to see **Dissolved** win, thus consoling Cottrill's stable for the loss of the Derby. Don't run away with the idea, by the way, that Leighton is not a good horse. My opinion is that he was a bit above himself last week. What he wanted badly was a couple of preliminary races. He will be all the better for his gallop at Epsom, and will show at the next opportunity that Mr. Cottrill is not mistaken in believing him to be one of the most brilliant colts of his time. A knotty problem will be the Newbury Summer Cup on Thursday. I do not think that HAPPY MAN'S penalty will seriously trouble him. Possibly he will be reserved for Ascot, in which case this race may be won by Mr. R. C. Dawson's stable with ATTILIUS or DUNKIRK.

NO LIMIT

DUGGIE'S CARDINAL POINTS

NO LIMIT



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SPORTS & PASTIMES

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT TURNBERRY

A view of the eleventh tee showing a competitor driving to the "John o' Groats" hole on the Turnberry links, where the Ladies' Open Championship was held last week

CRICKET

Shortening the Tail

IN a contemporary, Mr. P. F. Warner, whose criticisms are always tempered with sanity and moderation, reminds his readers that twenty-two years ago an England team which consisted of Fry, Maclaren, Jackson, "Ranji," Jessop, Hayward, Townsend, Lilley, Tyldesley, Rhodes, and Mead was beaten by ten wickets after winning the toss on a perfect pitch, and counsels the pessimists not to be in such a hurry to cry "Ichabod." But even Mr. Warner has seen the need for drastic alterations in the England side and I do not think anyone will suggest that the alterations made by the Selection Committee are too drastic. Let us hope that they have at any rate succeeded in "shortening the tail."

The Player of the Future

OPINIONS may differ considerably as to the greatness of the Australians as individuals; but, at any rate, they have made it perfectly plain that as a team they are a very tough proposition indeed because of their all-round excellence. Every man on the side right down to No. 11 can do a bit of batting, which is only another way of saying that those who are not primarily batsmen are not mere specialists at other departments of the game. Therein lies their chief strength, and it is a thing too obvious to be overlooked. I believe that in the future we shall see very much less of the specialist in cricket—unless he be a specialist of absolutely outstanding merit. No first-class side will be able to afford the luxury of men who are mere passengers when the other side are in the field, and the aspiring young wicket-keeper or bowler will realise instinctively that he will be expected to know something about batting as well, and regulate his practice accordingly. Similarly, a wise captain will look askance at a player who is otherwise good but a weak fieldsman. In fact, the all-round cricketer is going to matter more than ever.

LAWN TENNIS

Enter the Americans

THE five American players who will compete at Wimbledon are playing in the Kent Championships at Beckenham this week, and

Photographs *Photo Illustrations Co.*

MISS CECIL LEITCH (Carlisle and Silloth)

Winner of the Ladies' Golf Championship. She beat Miss Wethered in the final on Friday last by 4 and 3

their presence should add greatly to the interest of this popular meeting. They are W. T. Tilden, the champion of champions, Mrs. Franklin Mallory, the lady-champion of America, J. D. E. Jones and his son, A. W. Jones, and Miss

MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Who was second to Miss Leitch in the Ladies Golf Championship

Sigourney, who ranks high among lady players in the States. The younger Jones, who won the boys' championship of America in 1919, is only seventeen years old. Not relatively as great at lawn tennis as his namesake, "Bobby" Jones, is at golf, he is, nevertheless, extraordinarily good for a boy.

Future Arrangements

HE plays in the Men's Doubles with Tilden, with whom he has already proved his worth as a partner in Paris. Tilden and Mrs. Mallory are together in the Mixed Doubles, and Mrs. Mallory and Miss Sigourney in the Ladies' Doubles. Tilden and Mrs. Mallory were beaten unexpectedly in Paris last week by the English pair, Baines and Miss Holman, but Tilden frankly owns to a preference for grass over hard courts, and we may expect him and his partner to fare better at Beckenham. Next week

(Continued on page 616)

GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

THE FIRST TEST

As the services of the famous "googly" bowler were not requisitioned for the first Test Match, he was able to enjoy himself thoroughly in the rôle of a spectator, especially as the fate of his side cannot have given him a moment's anxiety. He has accordingly sent us some interesting impressions of the match, which are reproduced above

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

the American contingent are expected to appear at the Roehampton tournament immediately preceding Wimbledon itself, which begins on June 20.

TENNIS

The M.C.C. Prizes

THIS week, while cricketers are making history in the fierce light of publicity—whatever the actual weather conditions may be—which beats upon Lord's cricket ground, the adjacent tennis courts, in their more subdued fashion, will also be responding to the call of a great occasion—the preliminary stages of the competition for the M.C.C. Gold and Silver Prizes and the Byng Gribble Cup. This is the oldest and most famous of English tennis competitions. The Amateur Championship, funnily enough, is a mere mushroom in comparison with it.

Baerlein as a Débutant

WHAT is more funny still is that the amateur champion, E. M. Baerlein, is taking part in it for the first time. Captain R. K. Price and E. A. C. Druce are holders respectively of the gold and silver prizes, but Baerlein's supremacy among tennis-players is now so great that there is little doubt as to the ultimate destination, bar accidents, of the gold prize. The silver prize is better than a second prize because any player beaten by the winner of the gold prize is eligible to compete for it in a subsidiary competition. This eliminates the "luck of the draw," owing to which the second best man in a purely "knock-out" competition does not always gain the second prize.

Photographs *Sport and General*

MRS. FRANKLIN MALLORY W. T. TILDEN

America's two champion lawn tennis players who are "rehearsing" at the Beckenham tournament this week for Wimbledon, where Tilden will defend the Championship which he won last year and will play with Mrs. Mallory in the Mixed Doubles

GAMES BY NIGHT

An Optimistic Presage

LAST week at the Royal Society of Arts, Mr. J. S. Dow read a paper before the Illuminating Engineering Society on the use of artificial light as an aid to various games and sports. Mr. Dow is certainly an optimist; he discussed quite hopefully the prospect of football, hockey, lacrosse, cricket, and golf being played by artificial light; but, somewhat curiously, he does not appear to have dealt with games which are played under cover, and in a comparatively circumscribed area (which renders illumination easier as far as actual space goes), such as covered court lawn tennis, squash rackets, and Badminton.

Difficulties to be Overcome

THESE three games are, and have been for some time past, played to a varying extent, and with varying degrees of success, by artificial light. Badminton, by reason of the smallness of its playing area, is so played most frequently, and with the most enjoyment and success. Lawn tennis is also played in the evenings to a limited extent, the first club at which the experiment was tried being the Covered Courts' Club

(Continued on page 61)

CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE.

THE twelfth annual general meeting of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Limited, was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, I suppose you will take the Report and Accounts as read. (Agreed.)

Now to come to our Accounts, I will begin with the marine section of the business. Our premium income shows little change. The year has been marked by three distinguishing features. The first is the unusual number of total losses. The great majority of these occurred in the latter part of the year. During the war, as you will remember, mine-laying played an important rôle in the operations of the Navy, but no less remarkable than the science with which they were dotted about the world's trade routes, was the skill and rapidity with which the sea was cleared of them after the declaration of the Armistice. They seemed indeed to have completely disappeared. Then a strange thing happened. Vessel after vessel sailing, and I am happy to say, under a foreign flag, set out gaily in quest of adventure, and such was their genius for discovery that within a few days, or even hours, of weighing anchor they lit upon one of these long-lost mines. The epidemic now seems to be on the wane, and I hope we shall not hear much more of them. The second feature, to which attention has frequently been called, is the extraordinary increase of pilferage.

In some places it would hardly be too much to say that a regular toll has been taken of all goods leaving or entering port. When you come to think of it this is not altogether unnatural. In the autumn of 1914 the reign of reason made way for a reign of violence, and possession became the right of the strongest. Habits thus acquired are not easily shaken off. One of the after-effects of the war has been to throw up to the surface the more turbulent and extremist elements of society, and it is only with time that these will sink back to their proper level again. But in the long run public opinion governs, and the dominate characteristic which we possess in common with the greatest of ancient empires—I mean the respect of law—will surely and gradually reassert itself. (Hear, hear.)

Lastly, we have to note excessive competition. During the war period the intensive movement of a slowly vanishing mercantile marine, coupled with the stupendous rise in the value of hulls and cargoes, created an altogether exceptional demand for underwriting. The tide has now set in the opposite direction. Supply has outrun demand, and a great deal of business has been written at unprofitable rates. Could some check be put on this by closer co-operation? In fire business a committee composed of representatives of the leading offices meets at regular intervals to discuss tariffs and other matters, and I ask myself whether a similar body might not be constituted for the handling of the marine side of their business. It is a complex question, but it is worth consideration.

We now come to our fire account. This year it has taken another big stride forward. For the first time it passes the £2,000,000 mark—the actual figure is £2,071,000—and this has been achieved, let me emphasise, without any departure from our usual practice, viz., to confine ourselves exclusively to treaties with companies of the highest standing. From now on declining values may lessen the volume of some of our treaties, but as against this you have to bear in mind that it was only last year that we embarked on American business—that it cuts a very small figure in this year's accounts, but is bound to expand, and largely expand, in future years. It is the knowledge of this fact which has led us to take certain steps to safeguard and assist us in the extension of our operations. In recent years a number of new companies have been created to transact reinsurance business, in most cases with a comparatively small paid-up capital. Acting separately, it will be very uphill work for them to obtain good business, but pulling together, and in conjunction with a well-established concern like our own, there is no reason why they should not be able to build up a sound, well-spread premium income.

We have given long and earnest consideration as to how to carry out our ideas, and we finally came to the conclusion that the only method of doing so would be to form a holding company. We have therefore registered an independent company under the title of the City Equitable Associated, Ltd., with an authorised capital of 1,000,000 Eight per Cent. Participating Preference shares of £1 each, and 100,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, or £1,100,000 in all. As regards the latter, the great majority of them will be retained by the City Equitable itself. The Preference shares will be entitled in the first place to a fixed dividend of 8 per cent., which will be guaranteed by our own company the City Equitable. After payment of this dividend, the Ordinary Shares will rank next for an amount equal to the amount distributed in any one year to meet the fixed dividend on the Preference shares, while any surplus that may eventually be distributed in excess of this figure will be divided in equal moieties between the Preference and Ordinary shares. The Preference shares are being offered to the shareholders in certain other companies in lieu of their existing holdings, and I may say that the exchange is based upon the value of the free assets of the said companies. These assets, of course, are mainly invested in interest-bearing securities, and the companies which in this manner falls under the ægis of the City Equitable will be conducted on lines identical with those which have hitherto guided us—viz., to put back to reserves the bulk of any underwriting profits which the companies may make, and to distribute by way of dividends a sum, roughly speaking, equivalent to the interest received from invested funds. This interest, therefore, will be paid out in dividends by the operating companies, and the holding company will receive them, and will utilise them in the first instance for the payment of the fixed dividend of 8 per cent. on the Participating Preference shares. No surplus is likely to be available for the Ordinary shares in the first two or three years of the holding company's existence, but you will readily appreciate that the City Equitable possesses in them a very valuable reversion.

As regards the "reserve for income and corporation profits, taxes, and excess profits duty," we have set aside fairly liberal amounts in previous years; we have therefore been advised that we need only add £25,000 to this fund for the past year. We have also provided £30,000 for "depreciation of funds." This amount, I may mention, is in addition to any losses actually realised on the sale of investments, which have been deducted from our dividend account. On the assets side of the balance sheet two new items appear under the heading of "Investments," viz., "U.S.A. Government, Municipal and Railway Securities" and "Insurance Companies' Shares." As to our holdings in America, these almost, if not all of them, consist of short-dated Government and municipal securities, and they represent the beginnings of a fund deposited as a reserve against our business on the other side of the water, and destined to assume much larger proportions in future years. As regards "Loans," they are for the most part terminable at call.

Summing up the year's results, we transferred to profit and loss account: From the fire account £76,992, from the marine account £130,079, and from the investment account £73,507, making, with last year's carry forward of £6,118, a grand total of £286,754 to deal with. After making the necessary deductions for taxation, and allowing for depreciation of funds and directors' fees, the resultant balance is £228,333. We have increased our dividend by 6d. a share on the preference shares, and 2s. a share on the ordinary shares, making 2s. 6d. on the preference and 10s. per share on the ordinary shares for the year. These dividends absorb £52,500. We remain with a sum in hand of £175,833. Practically all of this your directors have decided to employ in strengthening the fire reserve, so they have transferred £172,000 to this fund, leaving £3,833 to be carried forward.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

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GAUCHO: "No, sir, with you."

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

at Dulwich, and Queen's Club has recently followed suit. The area to be illuminated in the case of lawn tennis is not very large, yet I can assure Mr. Dow from personal experience that the difficulties of doing it properly have by no means been completely surmounted. When playing lawn tennis by night the flight of the ball has to be watched with extreme care, and many players find the strain involved so great as to make the game literally not worth the candle, though there are some whose vision seems to adapt itself to the conditions with greater ease.

The Question of Space

WHEN we come to the very much larger areas which have to be lit up in the case of football, cricket, and the other games mentioned above, I must confess to having very grave doubts, indeed, as to the possibility of evolving a scheme for playing them by artificial light, which will be sufficiently satisfactory to make it worth while either from the players' or the spectators' point of view. The lights would have to be mounted very high up and well clear of the field of play. Consequently their power would have to be very great, and the glare from them would be very trying, especially when they came directly into one's line of vision. I am inclined to think, judging from my experiences at lawn tennis, that when this happened the ball, even if it were a football, would, for the time being, be completely "lost." And, of course, the cost would be very heavy. Only a very rich club or *coterie* of players could afford it without the help of a big "gate."

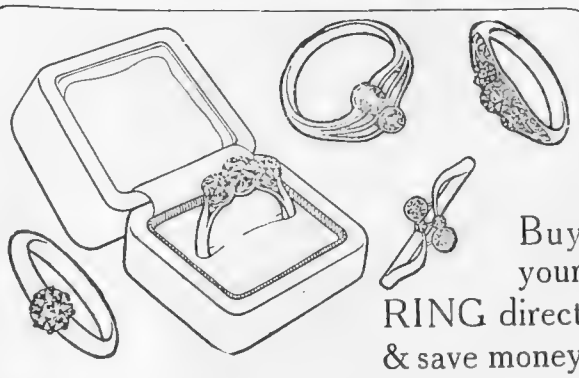
"Where There's a Will——"

MR. DOW, however, thinks the idea quite feasible as regards football and hockey, and as he has actually seen football played by artificial light (whereas I have not), and is, moreover, an expert at illuminating, his views are entitled to respect. He confesses that the lighting of cricket grounds and golf courses present, in his opinion, more serious difficulties, but he mentions that a base-ball ground has been illuminated apparently with success in America, and also that in that country of ingenious and enterprising people the lighting of a whole golf course has been seriously contemplated. We live in an age when the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," is truer than ever it was, and some of us may yet live to see Mr. Dow's beatific visions realised. Yet all the same I doubt whether anyone, who is not wholly or almost debarred from playing or watching games by daylight will ever become wildly enamoured of doing so by night. H. S. S.

Photograph *Topical Press*

JOHNNY BASHAM

Who won on points the Middle-Weight Championship of Europe in his fight with Gus Platts at the Albert Hall last week



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A Leading Favourite

Huntley & Palmers Nice Biscuits

Sweet, with the delicious flavour of fresh cocoanuts. Excellent for afternoon tea.

CHILDREN LOVE THEM

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"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade"
Shakespeare

A Fresh, Clear Healthy Complexion

which men will admire and women envy may easily be attained if you use a soap specially prepared with ingredients which act with a tonic influence on the skin.

Knight's Castile

is more than a mere toilet soap. This super-milled toilet soap, which lathers freely but does not waste, has a peculiarly refreshing effect, rendering the skin soft and velvety, and permitting it to *breathe* the pure air which the millions of cells are intended to absorb.

Knight's Castile Soap is delightfully perfumed with the scent of lavender. See the band on every tablet.

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD., LONDON.

There is no more realistic reproduction of the genuine pearl than Ciro's

OTHER scientific pearls are sometimes bought in the belief that because they are more expensive than Ciro's, they must be better. The error of this is evident as soon as you compare a Ciro and a real pearl necklet, for what better quality can you have than a necklet so realistic in appearance as to be indistinguishable from the genuine ?

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We will give £500 to any Charitable Institution

if any artificial pearls (no matter what their cost) can be shown to us which prove, on expert opinion, to be more realistic reproductions of the genuine pearl than Ciro's.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

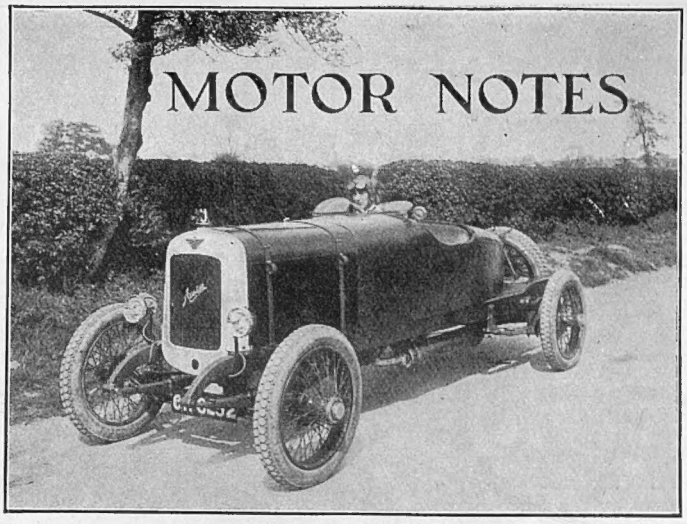
On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16in. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.
Other lengths at proportionate rates – Gold clasp 2/6 extra.
Descriptive Booklet No. 7 containing illustrations of all Ciro Pearl jewellery (sent post free).

Ciro Pearls LTD.

(Dept. 7), 39, Old Bond St., London, W. 1. (Piccadilly End.)

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

MOTOR NOTES



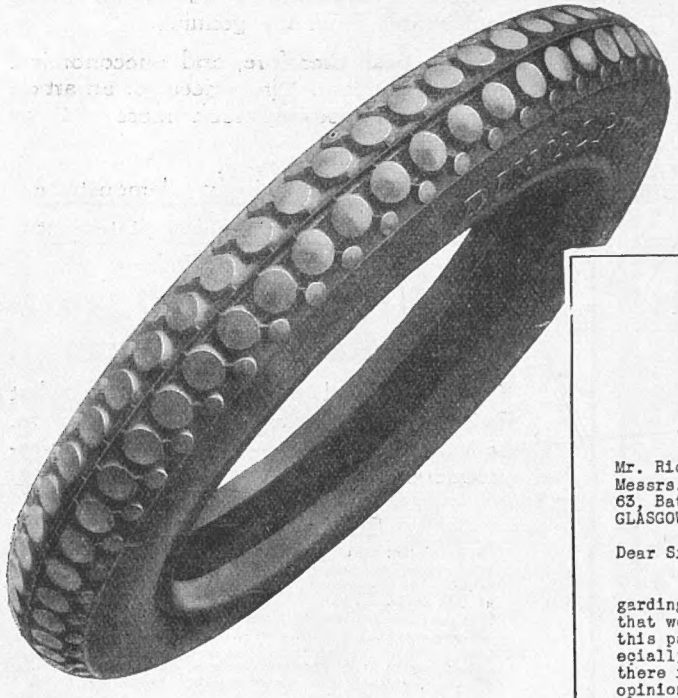
READY FOR RACING!
An "Austin Twenty" sports model tuned for Brooklands

THERE was a splendid instance of the stoutness of the early motor vehicles, exemplified in an old 15 h.p. De Dion, built in 1905, that competed in the Kent A.C. reliability trial a fortnight ago, which Mr. R.V. E. de B. Crawshay drove, and only lost a medal by being *too fast*, arriving at the Sandling check ahead of time. This old chassis has had a four-seated sporting type of body fitted upon it, and still can bustle along at over fifty miles an hour if required. This should help the second-hand market a bit in its dull season, and persuade motorists that it is worth buying cars of first-class makes, however old, especially as they are to be purchased at very low prices even as figures go nowadays. With a little adjustment, and a more modern body fitted on, some of these oldsters that are still living on our roads should provide lots of fun for some of our young motorists who are mechanically inclined, and want a car for £200 or so.

***

CLUB events are in full swing just now, and every week-end sees competitions being carried out in all parts of the country. Entries are getting more numerous than ever, though the Southend club has beaten all records with 679 car entries and seventy-six motor-cycle entries for its Thundersley Church hill climb, held on May 28. This shows motoring as a sport is receiving greater favour than ever, in fact, my advice to club officials is to restrict entries to a reasonable number or else there will be trouble from the road and local authorities by the gathering together of such a flock of cars in one spot. The R.A.C. have also issued the regulations for the Tourist Trophy and "Fifteen-hundred" races in the Isle of Man next year. The former is for three litre cars, but I doubt whether they will get the minimum twenty entries they want in this sized machine. Of course, the 1,500 c.c. (roughly, 10 h.p. class) is so big that there is little doubt of that race not being able to fill all right, and a fine race it should turn out, as well as testing the stoutness of construction and the high speeds the engines can drive these little cars. This 1,500 c.c. race is to be 250 miles, while the T.T. is about 300 miles, and practically the regulations are so open as to make no restrictions in ordinary design, as the weight is 1,600 lbs. minimum for the big class, and 1,000 lbs. for the small one. It is possible that the cycle-cars will also get a race in the Isle of Man, especially if the "three litre" one does not fill, as there are quite a large number of 1,100 c.c. cars ready and willing to race each other for fame and orders, especially the latter, which winners of these classic road races always get after success.

(*Continued on page 622*)



DUNLOP
TYRES OF THE MAGNUM TYPE

Curing a Car of — Skidding.

DAVID CARLAW & SONS LTD.,
31, Finnieston Street,
GLASGOW. W.

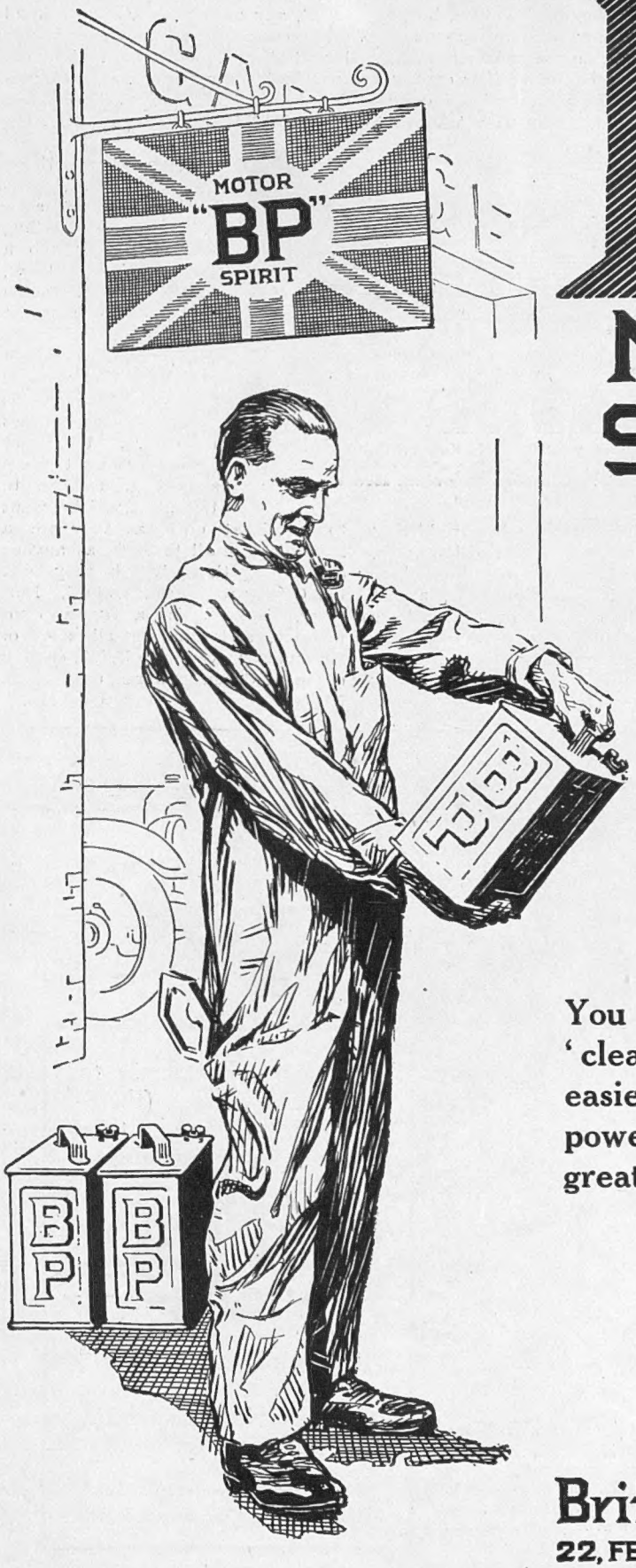
12th April, 1921.

Mr. Richardson,
Messrs. The Dunlop Rubber Co,Ltd.,
63, Bath Road,
GLASGOW.

Dear Sirs:

With reference to our conversation regarding Magnum Tyres, we would like to state that we have had considerable experience with this particular tyre on various machines, especially the ..... and find that there is no other tyre on the market, in our opinion, equal to it. It is quite impossible to make the car skid when fitted with these tyres; and one would think that the machine had something special about it to prevent it from skidding. When fitted with any other type of tyre it is just like any other car, it must be driven carefully on greasy streets.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID CARLAW & SONS LTD.,
R.D.Carlaw,
DIRECTOR.



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You can rely upon B.P.—the 'clean' spirit that makes for easier starting, increased power, cleaner combustion and greater mileage.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C., 3

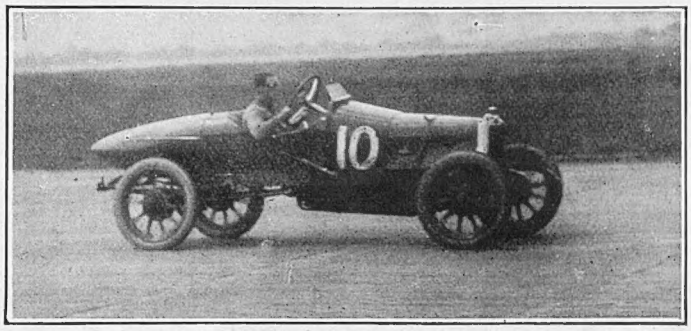
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

It is about time someone produced a dictionary of terms that the trade can apply to its motor vehicles and coachwork, etc., that do convey to the public with a little more accuracy what they wish to sell to them. For instance, I often see such announcements as the "all purpose" car. All purpose, indeed! it fails in a thousand ways at being anything like that. All it really means is that such cars can be used open or closed or half and half. I could really be funny at detailing their want of "purpose," and yet it is quite a common descriptive term used by many dealers in this land of ours, but lack of space prevents me unfortunately (?) just at present, so I refrain, and let you use your own ideas of what "all purpose" cars fail in. It's like the front screen that should never give you back draught. How many open cars really have these so-called wind protectors efficient in this respect? Not one in a thousand, and I think that is overstating it. As for the poor miserable passengers in the back seats, though a few back screens minimise the discomfort, none really actually make you feel quite cosy on a day when the east wind really blows. Yet there is no good reason why such comfort should not be given, as it is quite possible with due care.

* * *

What a lot of Daimler cars are now seen on the roads, but, as they are selling some thirty cars per week, it is quite understandable. Daimlers are one of the few carriages that are fitted with enclosed coachwork that let a man with a top hat on get into them without hitting it. The present fashion of low roofs, in order to make the lines look "smart," is a big mistake, and I wonder the real carriage owners have not kicked against it. I know the silk hat for men and lofty feathers for the ladies are not worn as often as they used to be, but few of the modern motor-carriages will permit getting in or out without great care being exercised to prevent a "crash" on the top of one's head-gear. It's a fallacy that low bodies look smart, and they certainly don't look dignified, any more than the dachshund does compared with the higher legged doggie. It's about time the coachbuilders realised this, and produced an "all purpose" comfort effort in this line.

* * *

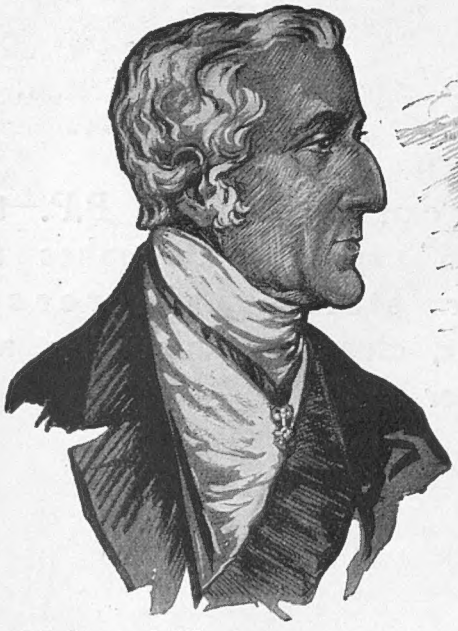


NINETY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR!
Captain Malcolm Campbell on his 12 h.p. Talbot winning the first race at Brooklands at a recent meeting. He was travelling at the above speed when the photograph was taken

Those excellent small cars, the Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley are selling well, averaging 100 a week between them, which shows that the present-day motorist wants runabouts more than chauffeur-driven vehicles. Why some folks think these Morris cars are American types I cannot tell, but someone seems to have started a rumour to this effect, which I want to scotch at once, as they are a British make all through, as anyone can see for themselves if they visit the Cowley works near Oxford. But, there, jealousy is a green-eyed monster, and can see all sorts of things awry, even unto U.S.A. engines out of a Coventry works, funny little fellow.

Old Hy.

WELLINGTON



Makers of History:

Duke of Wellington. 1769—1852. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, quickly asserted himself as a capable military commander. He headed an expedition against the French in Portugal in 1808, and remained in the Peninsular until he crossed the Pyrenees in 1814, driving the French before him. On 18th June, 1815, the battle of Waterloo ended the career of Napoleon. Buried in St. Paul's.

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